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AN

ELEGIACK ESSAY

UPON THE

DEATH

Of the Reverend

Mr. *Thomas Gouge*,

Who Deceased *Jan.* 8. $1\frac{699}{700}$.

By *J. M. Philo-Musus.*

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AN ELEGIACK ESSAY UPON THE DEATH

Of the Reverend Mr. *THOMAS GOUGE:*

Who Deceased *Jan.* 8. $16\frac{27}{00}$.

GO, sorrowful Muse, lament Great *Gouge*'s Death,
Who to our Grief has now resign'd his Breath:
Go, mournfully our Loss, his Gain set forth,
His Piety, his Learning, and his Worth.
Go, and lament distressed *Sion*'s State,
Attempt his Excellence to predicate.

One in this Work, 'tis true, has been employ'd,
But is there nought for me to write beſide?
Sure that Muſe ha'n't ſaid all. Why may not mine
Say more? Shall we to One his Praiſe confine?
Why ſhould it not be Sung by All the Nine?
Shall but One Muſe accompany his Hearſe,
Singing his Praiſe in Elegiack Verſe?
If others then are ſilent, why may not I
Attempt, at leaſt, to write his Elegy?
'Tis true, his Worth deſerves far greater Praiſe,
Than my poor unaccuſtom'd Muſe can raiſe:
Being ſo great, that it may ſeem a Crime,
For me t'attempt to put it into Rhyme.
But Love to him ſays, Try. Nay then I will,
And let that Love atone my want of Skill.
O how uncertain are all things below!
Scarce have we got our Mercies, but they go.
Thoſe Bleſſings which Mortals eſteem moſt Rare,
They no more pleaſing than uncertain are.
Yet ſo't muſt be, elſe deſir'd Happineſs
Would dwell with us below; whereas Diſtreſs,
And Death, the dreaded Progeny of Sin,
When Happineſs left this World, firſt enter'd in.
How many Faithful Miniſters of late
Has *Sion* loſt? Which Loſſes do create
Dire Fears within her anxious Breaſt, when ſhe
Sees them departing, whom ſhe hop'd might be
Her Faithful Leaders in her Pilgrim-State
Much longer. But nought now can mitigate
The Torrent of her Grief, when after th' Reſt
Who 're gone before, and are of Heav'n poſſeſt,

She

She ſees the Rev'rend *Gouge* departing too;
This makes her weep, becauſe t'augment her Wo.
But why muſt *Gouge* go now? Could'ſt thou
not ſpare
Him longer here below? (How ſhort-liv'd are
Our Mercies! How uncertain!) In his Light
We for a while rejoyc'd; but tho' 't was bright,
Yet, to our Sorrow, 'twas eclipſed ſoon,
His Sun went down, ſcarce having paſt its Noon.
Had it not been decreed that all muſt Die,
Sure we had begg'd his Immortality.
Not that we envy in the leaſt his Bliſs,
Nor that we grudge his perfect Happineſs:
But yet we want him here; ſend more, we pray,
Leſt into Night be turn'd our Goſpel-Day.
Should we but trace from his firſt happy Breath,
To his lamented, and unwelcom Death,
Through his whole Life, 'twill plainly then appear,
A Glorious Star has left our Hemiſphere.
In him the Graces of God's Spirit ſhin'd,
Th' Endowments of a truly Noble Mind.
How firm his Faith, ſhewing it ſelf in Love,
And in Deſire, fixt on the Things above?
How noted for his Early Piety,
Serving the Lord, while young moſt zealouſly?
How ſweet his Nat'ral Temper, not inclin'd
Wrongs or paſt Injuries to call to Mind?
How Cloſely with his God, and how Uprightly
Did he walk here, and how Exemplary?
And as he was adorn'd with Grace, the Heart's
Beſt Ornament, ſo with the greateſt Parts,
And no leſs Learn'd, as well in Tongues
as Arts.

Thus a Great Chriſtian, greatly Learned too,
How was he fit, his Maſter's Work to do?
How faithfully was he engaged therein;
Endeav'ring Subjects to his Lord to bring?
How ſound his Judgment? How from Errors free?
And able to oppoſe all Hereſie?
Tho' weak by Nature, by Sickneſs weaker made,
So that while he was young, his Strength decay'd.
Yet how did he always his Work purſue
With Eagerneſs, and great Affection too?
How ſtedfaſt was his Hope? His Piety
No leſs conſpicuous. How did he Die?
Not the leaſt queſtioning his Intereſt
In thoſe Bleſt Manſions, where he's now at reſt.
So Great a Man was he, ſuch Happineſs
Had his late Church, Great ſure beyond expreſs.
Had they but known, and ſuitably improv'd
Their Mercies, while they were not yet remov'd.
And his Bleſt Soul paſt without leaſt annoy,
Into the Regions of Eternal Joy,
Where Everlaſting Praiſes it employ.
Then let's not Weep for him, knowing his Gains
Abundantly reward him for his Pains:
But rather for our ſelves, becauſe o' th' State
Of Chriſt's poor Church, the Object of the Hate
Of Wicked Men: But this great Comfort gives,
That tho' Men Die, yet JESUS ever Lives.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

THE Soul of Rev'rend Gouge *being now above,*
Here lyes his Duſt, waiting till by the Power
Of God it rais'd ſhall be, and for his Love
Made fully Bleſt; and that for evermore.
A glorious Light he was whilſt here below,
Shining moſt brightly; 'twas his main Delight,

GLORY to GOD *to bring, his Will to do:*
Of whoſe Bleſt Count'nance he enjoys the Light.
Under this Stone his Body reſts till th' Day
Gladly when it ſhall meet it's Soul, and they
Ever enjoy that Bliſs, where Grief is chac'd away.

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